

The Catholick Ballad: OR AN INVITATION TO POPERY, Upon considerable Grounds and Reasons.

To the Tune of *Go.*

Since Pop'ry if late is so much in debate,
And great Strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot sopear openly to declare,
That the Ballad-makers are for it.

Will I dispute no more then, these Heretical men
Have expos'd our Books unto laughter,
So that many do say, 'twill be the best way
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholick Cant! now assist me my Muse,
How earnestly do I desire thee!
Neither will I pray to St. Bridget to day,
But only to thee to inspire me.

Whence should Puritane, but from Catholick Rome
I wonder much at your folly?
For St. Peter was there, and left an old Chair,
Enough to make all the world holy.

For this sacred old ~~Words~~ is excellent good,
If our Doctors may believe,
That whoever sits there needs never more fear
The danger of being misled.

If the Devil himself had (God bless us) get up
To see his nature made to be evil.
For when he sits there, I believe will swear,
That he is an honest Devil.

Now who sits in this Seat, but our Father the Pope?
Which is a plain Demonstration.
As clear as noon-day, we are in the right way,
And all others are doom'd to Damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your Eyes,
Which are blinded with bad Education;
We have Arguments plenty, and Miracles twenty
Enough to convince a whole Nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host bleed,
And if any thing can persuade ye,
An Image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak
In the honour of our Lady.

You shall see, without doubt, the Devil cast out,
As of old by Erra Pater; *and*
He shall skip about and tear like a dancing Bear
When he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Reliques most rare,
We can shew you the sacred Wanger;
Several Loads of the Cross, as good as ere was
To preserve your souls from danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-wall,
But I spare you a little for pity,
That each one may prepare, and rub up his Car,
For the second part of my story.

The Catholick Ballad: OR AN INVITATION TO POPERY, Upon considerable Grounds and Reasons.

To the Tune of *Go.*

Since Pop'ry if late is so much in debate,
And great Strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot sopear openly to declare,
That the Ballad-makers are for it.

Will I dispute no more then, these Heretical men
Have expos'd our Books unto laughter,
So that many do say, 'twill be the best way
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholick Cant! now assist me my Muse,
How earnestly do I desire thee!
Neither will I pray to St. Bridget to day,
But only to thee to inspire me.

Whence should Puritane, but from Catholick Rome
I wonder much at your folly?
For St. Peter was there, and left an old Chair,
Enough to make all the world holy.

For this sacred old *Walls* is excellent good,
If our Doctors may believe,
That whoever sits there needs never more fear
The danger of being misled.

If the Devil himself had (God bless us) get up
To see his nature made to be evil.
For when he sits there, a Devil will swear,
That he is an honest Devil.

Now who sits in this Seat, but our Father the Pope?
Which is a plain Demonstration.
As clear as noon-day, we are in the right way,
And all others are doom'd to Damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your Eyes,
Which are blinded with bad Education;
We have Arguments plenty, and Miracles twenty
Enow to convince a whole Nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host bleed,
And if any thing can persuade ye,
An Image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak
In the honour of our Lady.

You shall see, without doubt, the Devil cast out,
As of old by Erra Pater; *and*
He shall skip about and tear like a dancing Bear
When he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Reliques most rare,
We can shew you the sacred Wanger;
Several Loads of the Cross, as good as ere was
To preserve your souls from danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-wall,
But I spare you a little for pity,
That each one may prepare, and rub up his Car,
For the second part of my story.

The Second Part to the same Tune.

Now listen again to those things that remain
They are matters of weight, I assure you,
And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles away,
'Tis impossible else for to Cure you.

O that pestilent Book! never on it more look, *foray nee*
I wish I could sing it out louder:
It has done more men harm, I here boldly affirm
Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder. *Gun*

As for matters of Faith, believe what the Church saith,
But for Scripture, leave that to the Learned;
For these are edge-tools, and you Lay-men are fools,
If you touch them y'are sure to be harmed.

But pray what is it for, that you make all this stir?
You must read, you must hear and be learned:
If you'll be on our part, we will teach you an Art,
That you need not be so much concerned.

Be the Churches good Son and your work is half done,
After that you may do your own pleasure:
~~For we doubt not of the wondrous Creature.~~

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he please,
And without all peradventure, *more*
If you can't at the fore, yet at the back Door
Of Indulgence you may enter. *in your way*

But first by the way you must make a short stay,
At a place called Purgatory,
Which the Learned us tell, in the Buildings of Hell,
Is about the middlemost Story.

'Tis a monstrous hot place, and a mark of disgrace
In the payment on't long to endure:
None are kept there but fools, and poor pitiful souls
Who can no ready money procure.

For a handsome round sum you may quickly be gon,
For the Church hath wisely ordain'd,
That they who build Crosses, and pay well for Masses,
Should not there be too long detain'd.

So that 'tis a plain case, as the nose in ones face,
We are in the surest condition, *with - fooly*
And none but poor fools, and some niggardly owls
Shall fall into utter perdition.

What asseeth you then, O ye great and rich men,
That you will not hearken to reason,
Since as long as y' have pence, y' need scruple no offence,
Be it Purge, Abultery, Treason.

And ye sweet-natur'd Womankind, who hold all things com-
My addressee to you are most hearty, *(ritori)*
And to give you your due, you are to us most true
And we hope we shall gain the whole party.

If you happen to fall, your Penance is small,
And although you cannot forgo it,
We have for you a Cure, if of this you be sure
To confess before you go to it.

There is one Reason yet which I cannot omit,
To those who affect the French Nation,
Hereby we advance the Religion of France,
The Religion that's only in fashion.

If these reasons prevail (as how can they fail?)
To have Popery entertain'd,
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
What benefits hence may be gain'd

For the Pope shall us bless, (that's no small happiness)
And again we shall be restored,
~~the Italian Trade, which formerly made~~
This Land to be so much adored.

O the Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine things,
The good wordes as sweet as honey,
All this and much more shall be brought to our door
For a little dull English money.

Then shall Justice and Love, and whatever can move
Be restored againe to our Britain.
And Learning so common, that every old woman,
Shall say her Prayers in Latin.

Then the Church shall bear sway and the State shall obey,
Which is now lookt upon as a wonder,
And the proudest of Kings, with all temporal things,
Shall submit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have taken us to do, *then*
And have handled us with so much terror,
May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more)
They may chance to acknowledge their error.

If any man yet shall have so little wit,
As still to be refractory,
I swear by the Mass, *he's as dull as an*
And so there's an end of my Story. *he*

F I N I S.

7891

100-10042017

1

1951

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1910

2007

S

Now, who sits in this Seat, but our Father the
Which is a plain demonstration: (Page 2)
As clear as Noon-day, we are in the right way,
And all others are doom'd to damnation.

We'l d
 Hab
 So th
 Co

If this will not suffice, yet to open your eyes,
Which are blinded with bad Education:
We have Arguments plenty, and Miracles twenty,
Know to convince a whole Nation.

O the
How
Neither
But

If you giue but good heed, you shall see the
And if any thing can perſuade ye: (6)
An Image ſhall ſpeak, or at leaſt it ſhall ſqueake
In the honour of our Lady.

Wibenc
I wa
fo: St
Enou

You shall see without doubt the Devil cast out,
as of old by Ezra Packer:
He shall skip about and tear like a dancing Bear,
When he feels the Holy Water.

For this
If ou
That w
the da

If yet doubtful you are, we haue Reliques more
We can shew you the sacred Vangere: from
Several loads of the Crosse as good as e're was
To preserve your Soules from danger.

If the
Thou
Yet whi
He w

Should I tell you of all, it would move a Stone,
But I spare you a little for pity: (well,
That each one may prepare, and rub up his Ear,
For the Second Part of my Ditty.

The Second Part to the same Tune

Now listen again to those things that remain,
They are matters of weight, I assure you:
And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles a-
Way, impossible else for to cure you. (Chorus)

O that pestilent Book! never on it more look:
I wish I could sing it out louder:
It has done men more harm, I dare boldly affirm,
Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder. (Chorus)

As for matters of Faith, believe what the Church
But for Scriptures, leave that to the Learned:
For these are cog-choils, and you'll soon be toiled,
If ye touch them, y' are sure to be harmed. (Chorus)

But pray what is it for, that you make all this
You must read, you must hear, you be so fished:
If you'll be on our part, we will teach you all Art,
That you need not be so much concerned. (Chorus)

Be the Churches good son, and your work is half
After that you may do your own pleasure:
If your Beads you can tell, and say Ave Mary
Never doubt of the heavenly treasure. (Well)

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he
Without all penance, and all grace:
If you come to the Pope, you'll find him a
For a little dull English Grace. (Chorus)

But will you say, that you will make a Don say
At a place called Purgatory:
Which the Learned us tell, in the buildings of
Is about the most famous Story. (Well)

It's a monstrous hot place, and a mark of sin,
In the torment wh' long to endure:
None are kept there, but fools and boys, pitiful
Who can no ready Money procure. (Chorus)

For a thousand round sum you may quickly be
For the Church has wisely ordained:
That they who build Crosses, and pay well for
Should there not too long be detain'd. (Chorus)

But what is a plain case, as the Pope an' ones face,
Who are in the fured condition:
And none but poor fools, and some miserably
Shall fall into utter perdition. (Chorus)

And an' you then, O ye great and rich men,
What you will not hearken to reason:
Since as long as y' have peace y' have scruple no
Be it Murder, Adultery, Treason, or Vengeance. (Chorus)

And ye shall never see a custom, who hold all
By themselves to you are most hearty:
And to give you your due, you are to us more
And we hope we shall gain the whole party. (Chorus)

If you happen to fall, your Penance is
And although you cannot forget it:
We have for you a cure, if of this you be
And we hope we shall gain the whole party. (Chorus)

There is one Reason yet, which I cannot
On those who affect the French Nation:
Which we advance the Religion of France,
The Religion that's only in fashion. (Chorus)

If these Reasons prevail, (as you can they
To have the Pope's entertain)
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe
What benefits hence may be gain'd. (Chorus)

For the Pope shall be made (that no small
And again we shall be restored
The Italian Trade, which formerly made
Our Land to be so much abroad. (Chorus)

And the Pope shall be made (that no small
And again we shall be restored
The Italian Trade, which formerly made
Our Land to be so much abroad. (Chorus)

Then shall Justice and Love, and Peace be
Be restored again to our Britain:
And Learning so common, that every one shall
Shall say her Prayers in Latin. (Chorus)

Then the Church shall hear sway, and the
Which is now lookt upon as a wound:
And the proudest of Kings, with all their
Shall submit and truckle under. (Chorus)

And the Parliament too who have been so
And have handled us with so much care:
Perhaps on that score, 'tis no time to say more,
They may chance to acknowledge their error. (Chorus)

If any man yet shall have so little wit
As still to be refractory:
I swear by the Gods, he is a meer Ass,
And so there's an end of a Story. (Chorus)

FINIS.